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Rhode Island College of Education

THE ANCHOR

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

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THE EDITORS SUGGEST

THE UTILITARIAN

Why did you learn to play basketball? Why did you learn to dance? Why did you learn to drive a car? "Because I wanted to and because I expected to get enjoyment out of it," you answer. But if you probe more deeply, you will extract the other half of the reply—"and because I expect to encounter situations where such knowledge will be useful." There you are—you have discovered one of the laws of behaviour. We always, if we are wise, choose to do the things we shall both enjoy and find useful in the future.

Sometimes we discover immediate use for things we have learned; sometimes bits of information do not become of use for a long time. Perhaps we shall have no ready opportunity to apply such knowledge as we obtain from Sociology or Italian; yet the Fates may decide that our summer jobs this year will involve social work, or that in our playground work we shall have some little Italian children whom we shall understand more easily because of our study of Italian, elementary though it be.

However, we don't go through life learning things merely for our own sakes. We pass our scraps of knowledge on to enrich others' lives. We who are training for this process of enriching others' lives have come to realize this. But do we carry it into our work in the summer, or do we just lay aside all thoughts of *school* when June arrives, thinking we can forget it until next fall? Suppose we have just finished a course in literature and are bound for a camp councilorship. Those two ideas may seem as far apart as the poles, but didn't we make anthologies in that course, and what is more suitable for camp life than teaching interpretation of nature through poetry?

Are you clerking in a store this summer? Don't forget, when heated and fussy patrons have exhausted your patience, that you worked out a code of behaviour in Ethics Class. Will you be instructing in a playground? Remember your Psychology, Principles, and Art.

Don't isolate yourself from all thoughts of school just because you are not to be attending actual sessions for two months! Your Alma Mater will mean more to you, your acquired knowledge will prove more truly educational and really enjoyable, if you make a conscious effort to adapt to your outside life what you learn in college. *A. G. M.*, '33.

MAY DAY—CHILD HEALTH DAY

For our participation in the national recognition of Child Health Day, Rhode Island College of Education and Henry Barnard School are broadcasting a May Day program on Tuesday, May 3, at noon. The following program is to be given:

A Message for Child Health Day, by His Excellency, Governor Norman S. Case—read by his daughter, Elizabeth Case, Grade 3.

A May Day in Olden Times—Iris Woods, Grade 8.

A May Day in Modern Times—Rob Roy Rawlings, Grade 7.

My Health Work in Grade 1—Miriam Brady.

A Message for Child Health Day, by Commissioner of Education, Honorable Walter E. Ranger—read by his granddaughter, Norma Ranger, Grade 1.

The Home and the School Working Together for Child Health—Florence M. Ross, M. D., Professor of Health Education, R. I. C. E.

Child Health Day was designated by President Hoover as a day for searching inquiry into the year's health activities with children. The State Health Departments were urged to lead in this check up, and they compose the central organization in furthering May Day Child Health Programs.

Marion Albro Gleason, M. D., Director of Child Hygiene for Rhode Island, is State Chairman. In 1927 Dr. Gleason had the cooperation of eighteen health workers and four organizations that promoted health throughout the state. Today, in 1932, after five years' healthy growth, Dr. Gleason has the cooperation of at least forty-three individuals and twenty-eight organizations actively at work furthering methods to promote Child Health in Rhode Island.

Each year the needs of children are analyzed, and emphasis is placed upon important phases of health activity. Last year the motto was "Cleanliness of Body, Mind, and Soul." This year emphasis is being placed on the parents' responsibility in developing healthy attitudes of mind and body.

Educational organizations throughout the state are earnestly cooperating in efforts to obtain health for the children of Rhode Island.

Florence M. Ross, M. D.,
Professor of Health Education.

THE PLOTTERS NARRATE

THE CALL OF THE DEEP

The sky above was gray and sullen. The sea below was pounding furiously against the wall that formed a barrier in her way. A few yards above the sea on the top of the wall, sat a man, old in years, but not in spirit. The sunken eyes, even now retaining much of the fire of youth, gazed longingly out to sea as he recalled the glorious days when he had sailed before the mast. There was an air of suppressed rebellion about the tall gaunt body, rebellion against the fate that kept him from the pitching seas, whose spirit was the sole deep love that had ever captured and held his heart.

As he gazed, the sun marched sedately over the clouds to his trysting place with the sea, whose soothing touch would wash away the cares of the day. As the last folds of his glowing robe sank out of sight, the god of the heavens reverently let fall a thin cloud of darkness to hide the sight from prying human eyes, and the moon took her place in the sky. Slowly, absent-mindedly, the former sailor rose and, casting a farewell glance at his shadow-covered mistress, walked towards a house vaguely outlined against the darkness of the evening.

He climbed the steps, opening the door to enter a room that might have been the cabin of a ship. Having lighted the gas bracket, he sat down to muse upon the days of his youth, consecrated to the goddess of the deep. Outside the darkness thickened, the sea pounded with an ever-swelling roar—fierce, wild, exultant, passionately beckoning. The wind hummed, then sang, then shrieked.

The soul of the man responded to the savage call of the sea and the gale. In spirit he returned to the time when another love had almost claimed him. On that night so many years ago, he had pledged his love to a maiden who had been to him the essence of human loveliness. It was on a night when the round pot in the heavens had been pouring its stream of molten gold over the sea, forming a gleaming arch down which the moonbeams had been descending. Soon after the two had confided their fondest hopes to one another, the wind had risen, shattering the arch between heaven and earth and the sea had maliciously increased her roll. For a while their frail craft had proceeded without mishap, picking its way along between the pitch of the

waves. The wind had increased its roar, digging bottomless holes in the sea —threatening gluttonous holes. At last the boat had plunged into a pit and been vomited forth for the last time, shattered into a million splinters. The storm had screamed a choking taunt at his frantic fruitless efforts to find his companion, whom the waters had jealously torn away from him. The sea, her anger appeased, had carried him back to the shore, caressing him with her spraying foam, trying to soothe him with her rocking motion. Though the sea had cruelly destroyed her rival, he *had* been soothed by her motion, he *had* been thrilled by *her* caresses more than by those of his mortal sweetheart. What ghastly torment!

The call of the wind grew louder; the voice of the sea filled his soul. The spirit of the waters continued her wooing aided by the wind, luring him—to what? He struggled against her fiendish call, yet who could have resisted? All traces of his former quietude of spirit wiped away, crazed by the storm, he sped to the arms of his mistress and sank into her embrace. The sea knows a thousand moods and deceptions—beneath her wild exterior all was calm, peaceful, tender. Gratefully the sailor placed his head against her heart and sank to the world beneath her waters.

Florence Kwasha, '34.

CYRIL

"I'm gonna leave home, that's what I am!" said J. Cyril Winthrop defiantly to himself as he walked along kicking stones before him.

"Why'd I have to have that old name wished on me, anyway? All the other kids've got nice names, like Jimmy, er Johnny, er Joe; but me, I gotta be *Cyril!*" This last was said with all the pent-up vehemence a nine-year-old can summon.

"Maybe the name wouldn't be so bad if Mom didn't have to yell it right out when I'm with the gang. Just when we're having a corker of a game of cops and robbers, Mom has to open the winder and yell 'Cy-ril'!" Quite forgetting he was talking out loud, he was startled to hear his own voice in falsetto imitation of his mother's.

"Sis thinks she's smart, too. As if the rest of them didn't have ideas enough, she has to tell them that all nice boys (an expression of deep disgust accompanied this remark) wear them English breeches that ain't hitched at the bottom; and Mom believes her, so I spend my whole Sunday dodging the gang!"

"And that necktie!" suddenly recalling that offensive adornment. "I don't see why I can't wear one like Jimmy Blake's with a 'lastic 'round my neck, instead of that thing that looks like an old hair-ribbon! *That* was Sis' idea, too."

"There was last Tuesday when Spike 'n me 'n the crowd was goin' swimmin' down to the creek. Did I go? Yeah, I stayed home and plunked on the piano 'til they'd all gone and left me. Then Mom, seein's I didn't have nothin' t' do, said I could mow the lawn!"

As he had decided on so drastic a move as running away, he felt it necessary to recall all past grievances to justify himself, so on and on he grumbled.

"Another thing,—if there's anything I like, it's to eat a big hunk of bread and butter at the table; but Dad looks daggers at me and makes me break it into pieces that would fit in yer eye!" This remark was accompanied by a derisive pantomime of the hated task.

"Can I go to school without combing my hair? Oh no! Every morning I'm sent back to do it over no matter how good I do it. Believe me, it don't stay that way long after I get out of sight!" he added as an after-thought.

"I guess the sea's as good a place as any for me. I can get as dirty as I want with no one to tell me to wash behind my ears. I won't never have to comb my hair, and I'll tell 'em my name's Mike, and——." Without knowing it, J. Cyril had taken a road leading out of town and was already well beyond the city limits.

"Wow! it's gettin' late, and it must be nearly time for supper, and it's waffles 'n sausage 'n choc'lit cake—I saw Nell makin' it when I left—I gotta hurry!"

M. Johnson, '33.

CAMERA FLASHES FROM THE BLUE RIDGE

North to South, East to West, her mountains rise and interlock to form a chain. Hills and valleys make the hollow that, like a great bowl, holds within its center a thriving town, and beyond the town, a little house, nestling in a hollow swept by the wind as it hums its way through the scrubby pines.

It's April! The garden quince are tipped with velvet green and the cherry buds are bursting. In another month the lilacs will be in bloom and the fence will be hung in yellow roses.

Mother is in the garden and Robbie is behind her, dragging a rake or a bag of seed. Her little companion of four summers old answers to the name of "ROBERT HARTWELL." His head is bare and his eyes shine as "grandmover" calls him to drop the beans. But he soon grows tired and struts off with regal stride to dominate the rooster. His sturdy legs bring him back again to plant the garden, or make a collection of worms. Mother's eyes are clear as she lifts her head in the clean air, her eyes sweeping the mountain horizon. She hears the thrush's singing and little Robbie's crooning. She observes the lightness of the clouds and the color of the sky.

A lover of the soil but not its slave, in the mid-afternoon she will be

seen in another role: lost in a world of classic wit and philosophy, or deep in the maze of modern thought and opinion, with the self-appointed task of weeding from its mass some bit of lasting truth.

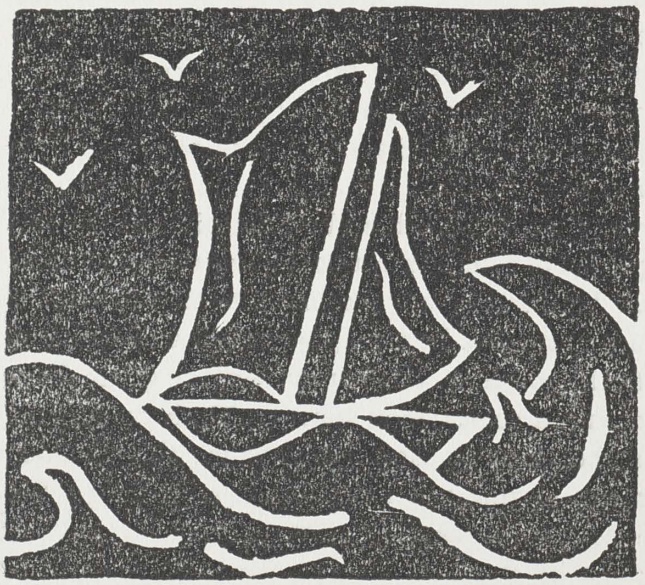
Once there were slaves to black my grandmother's shoes, and slaves to cook her food. But all that came before my time. And the stories of colonial mansions and plantation leisure and sweeping skirts are things of the story-books to me as they are to you—bright spots of romance kept alive by brilliant colors of the past.

Smaller and older Southern towns still breathe pictures in the presence of stately pillars and over-hanging trees, and in the droning sound of darkies at work in tobacco and cotton fields.

But back among the hills there is a different tale to tell. At the foot of a bare rocky slope I recall a farm-house, built of logs. It is old. Its sides and roof are sagging in. Families have lived there for generations and still do, proud, poor and ignorant. Yet they boast the blood of kings and princes, perhaps.

In the heart of the working centers, peoples have come from East, North, and West to join tired forces in the mills or stores. Fast trains and rumbling busses move swiftly over long roads, leave trails of smoke or dust to settle on the tiny rails—where pale women, surrounded by hungry broods of children, grow old before their time; or send upward curls of smoky cloud to drift above the rolling green of sporting club or famed hotel. Rich and poor, ignorant and wise, mingle in that human life that circumscribes Virginia's miles.

J. Arnold, '33.

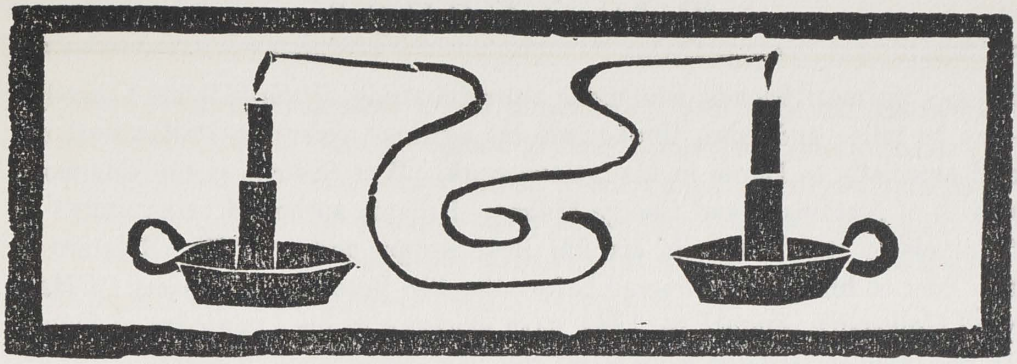


EERIE

In my little fairy shallop,
I'll sail the ocean gray;
And I'll splash the saucy mermaids
With some pearly ocean spray.

I'll sing an ocean ditty;
I'll hoist my sails up high;
I'll go bounding o'er the billows
And wave a gay good-bye.

Loretta Barry, '32.



THE FACULTY OF FERS

DANTE'S INFLUENCE ON SOME AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS

When the history of the origin and sources of American culture is written, Italy's contribution to this culture will, undoubtedly, be found to be far greater than is generally supposed. Italy, whose famous navigators, discoverers, and explorers—Columbus, Cabot, Verrazani, and others—brought to light new worlds, was destined to bring to herself even greater glory through the culture which she spread throughout the lands discovered by her illustrious sons.

Of the men whom Italy has given to the great spiritual family of the civilized world, Dante has unquestionably exerted the greatest influence on American culture. Dante first became known in America through England. As early as 1760 we find Thomas Jefferson, later to be the third president of the United States, turning to Italian literature and deriving therefrom great spiritual benefit. So interested did Jefferson become in Italian studies that in 1779, through his initiative, Italian was introduced into William and Mary College. From here it was gradually introduced into other American colleges. With the appearance in England of Boyd's translation of the "Divine Comedy" in 1802, and of Carey's in 1814, the Americans were able to read Dante in their own language; but it was not until 1822, when Carey's translation was published in America, that Dante's influence was keenly felt. Then it acquired a strong impetus, which has since steadily increased.

The first great American scholar and authority on the Italian genius was Professor Ticknor of Harvard University (1819-1835). Among Ticknor's friends who became interested in Dante was George Prescott, who gives his estimate of Dante's "Divine Comedy" in a long letter to Ticknor; and, again, in one of his articles published in 1831 on the "Poetry and Romances of the Italians."

Longfellow, who was the first to teach Dante at Bowdoin (1829), became Ticknor's successor at Harvard in 1835, when the study of Dante in America took on a new and forceful impulse. The American poet's admiration of and enthusiasm for the Florentine poet influenced some of the finest men of his generation. Among these men were Charles Sumner, one of Long-

fellow's warmest friends, who made a careful study of the "Divine Comedy" —as he tells—and who, throughout his writings, refers to Italian authors, and especially to Dante in his famous work, "War System of the Commonwealth of Nations;" and George Hillman Hillard, author of two volumes of "Travels in Italy," who in his Phi Beta Kappa address, "The Relation of the Poet to his Age," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, August 24, 1843, gave evidence of his knowledge of Dante. In this address Hillard emphasizes the vast significance of Dante's masterpiece from the standpoint of religion, philosophy, and science, and calls attention to its artistic form, the vitality and sublimity of its verse, the grandeur and picturesqueness of its distinct and precise scenes. Edward Everett, President of Harvard, in a poem he left us, refers to Dante's exile and inveighs against Florence for having banished from her walls her most illustrious son. Numerous reminiscences, also are found in President Everett's orations on "Popular Education" and "American Literature." Thomas Parsons, later translator of the "Divine Comedy" and one of the well-known characters in "Tales of a Wayside Inn," whose poem, "On a Bust of Dante," is a noteworthy contribution to the study of the Italian poet's life, character, and genius, committed most of the "Divine Comedy" to memory while walking in the streets of Florence and Ravenna. Washington Green, the distinguished author of a number of essays on Italian literature and history, played a great part in the revising of Longfellow's translation of the "Divine Comedy." William Cullen Bryant, in 1865, on the sixth centenary of Dante's birth, wrote a very fine poem in which he stressed the powerful influence exerted in the past on the whole human race by the poet "whose hand brought and scattered as far as sight can reach the seeds of free and living thought on the broad field of modern speech." James Russell Lowell, who succeeded Longfellow at Harvard as professor in the study of Dante, was the author of a most scholarly essay on Dante, an essay which places Lowell among the greatest of literary critics. Charles Eliot Norton, Longfellow's successor at Harvard, gave to the English speaking world one of the most accurate translations of Dante's "Divine Comedy" and "Vita Nuova" ever published. Roscoe Thayer says, "To read Dante with Mr. Norton was almost an act of worship. There was in his voice something wonderfully stirring and wholly incommunicable."

These are only a few of our distinguished Americans who came under the spell of Dante. Among other famous men and women who looked to Dante for guidance and inspiration were: Dr. Channing; Margaret Fuller, whose translation of the "Vita Nuova" was made in order to influence Emerson to take an interest in Dante; Julia Ward Howe, whose "Price of the Divina Commedia" shows her knowledge of Dante's life and works.

All the names given thus far, with the exception of Jefferson, are New

Englanders; but we can name others from different parts of the United States, such as Hugh Swinton Legarè of South Carolina, Henry Calvert of Maryland, Margaret Preston of Virginia, and Sarah A. Dorsey of Louisiana.

Will these illustrious sons and daughters of the New World inspire our youth with the spirit of Dante, the most helpful son of the Old World? For the good of our youth and our country, we hope so.

Gaetano Cavicchia, A. B.,
Professor of Romance Languages.

STUDENT'S LOAN FUND

A limited amount of aid may be offered to students in the upper classes through the Student's Loan Fund founded by graduates and friends and now amounting to about $2000; and through the Margaret Hill Irons Fund given as a memorial to Mrs. Irons, for many years an honored member of the Faculty. The two funds together are now valued at $4,500. Loans may be made to deserving students at a low rate of interest.

Nora E. Lyons, '33.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF VOCABULARY BUILDING

Note: For the benefit of those who have not as yet taken the course, English 31, with Professor Robinson, I will state that much thought is given in that class to the development of our vocabularies.

Let me begin by making a *reference* to the much discussed *obstreperousness* in our corridors. The ideal way would be for the authorities to *confer* with one another in order to remedy it. However, this *oracle* thinks that they might talk until their faces were quite *livid,* yet the disturbance would not cease. But as I would not be termed an *iconoclast,* let me *prescribe* a *precept.* My plan, full of *lacunae* as it stands, I must confess may not be clear to all. Here is the plan. Such member of the college would seek a *respective* corner in the building carrying in a *covert* manner a dictionary or other fine work of literature. Thus fortified would each student spend his spare time. Instead of indulging in riotous action in our halls, he would be making use of the literary masterpieces in abolishing *clichés* from his speech. However, if the majority of the students *affect* indifference to my plan, it will fail in its purpose; i. e., to quiet our corridors. To succeed, the spirit I have in mind must be *diffused* throughout the student body.

A question arises in the writer's mind (who, by the way, has transgressed from the ordinary manner of writing, in other words, has employed *solecism*). Is this plan merely an *illusion* of the writer, or does it awaken a *mutual* feeling in any of you, my readers?

Esther L. Stephenson, '33.

THE STUDENTS PROCLAIM

This past year has been a successful one as far as improvements in the college are concerned. However, much remains to be done, for new problems arise as time goes by. One of these questions will be the topic for your discussion in the first issue of "The Anchor" next fall. Don't drop college matters when you leave in June; keep thinking about them, discussing them with people from other colleges, and forming opinions on them throughout your vacation. Then when you return next fall give to "The Anchor" an article expressing your opinions on this subject: "Should We Introduce an Honor System into Our Academic Work?"

The issue: The fact that people today recognize us young teachers as human beings rather than as the cyclopedic examples of decorous propriety of former days has given us a false conception of our freedom, upon which, alone, we are thoughtlessly and ruthlessly building our code of courtesy.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS POINT OF VIEW?

I take issue with the charge against young teachers, stated on this page in the previous issue, particularly with the final clause of the statement: "We are thoughtlessly and ruthlessly building our code of courtesy."

I believe that the library incident discussed in Student Forum recently bears out the justification for my disagreement with the statement. The fact that a librarian was treated disrespectfully by one student on one conspicious occasion aroused the indignation of the students themselves to the extent that the matter was discussed in Forum. The serious concern of the student body when the affair was introduced made it evident that the students considered their code of courtesy gravely violated. The fact that the wholehearted disapproval and indignation of the student body were aroused spontaneously, rather than by any lecture on courtesy by a faculty member, impressed me anew with the high standard which our student body maintains and which it emphatically upholds when violated.

We are a representative group of college men and women of today, reflecting not only today's freedom but also the restraint of our parents—the

students of yesterday. A few of us are staid, comparatively prim, and very undemonstrative; the new freedom of our profession apparently has not changed our scope of activity or interests in any way. Another few of us represent that small, ever-present percentage of any normal group—those who must attract attention to themselves and their activities by being boisterous, facetious, and occasionally unconventional. The very large majority of us, however, are respectful, even though we do take our new freedom on a basis of the broader interests and sympathies that it unlocks for us to explore. We appreciate this freedom with the evaluating appraisal that characterizes the discrimination which we must use in the many fields of our activity today. We are grateful for the educational opportunities offered us, and consider culture and intellectual knowledge such an integral part of ourselves that we never flaunt our scholastic attainments before those with whom we are in conversation—a regrettable tendency among some of our contemporaries. Therefore we feel that our present status is justifiable enough to demand your respect for us as an admirable professional group, rather than your condemnation of a few of us whose acclimation to our new freedom is still in the adjustment stage.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS POINT OF VIEW?

This statement seems to be, in a large sense, very true. The days when teachers were prim, precise, and "old-maidish" seem to be on the wane, judging by the actions of some of our students. Not so long ago pedagogical theorists insisted that the way to effect beneficial results was to restrict the pupils physically and atmospherically, the result being a stunted mental growth. The pendulum swung to the opposite extreme; new theories claimed that pupil activity and stimulating atmosphere were necessary to produce the desired mental reaction. Some, misunderstanding this theory of free activity, have given so much freedom with so little guidance that pandemonium has resulted. We college students should not need the guidance; yet the situation in our college at times certainly seems to show that we are misusing *our* new freedom, that we need guidance, either by student restrictions or faculty commands.

What excuse can you give for students' loud conversation and *dancing* in the health rest room while on the other side of *open* doors a class is being conducted? Is that fair to the class or courteous to the instructor? How can you legitimately justify the mad hubbub on the first floor at twelve o'clock every day? Is it right to make an uncomfortable situation for an instructor by staying in the gym until the last minute, or by rushing headlong in the door and down the corridor because you were late leaving your luncheon place downtown? In what code of courtesy do you find this privilege stated:

A student in class may converse as long as he desires after the bell for beginning the period has rung? Many of us seem to include that principle in our personal code, even though it is not generally accepted as socially correct. Where in any well-known book of etiquette do you find it stated that as a member of an audience you are licensed to discourse as freely as you desire, regardless of your neighbors' interest in the program, or of the effect of your inattention on the performers themselves? Also, is it not considered a sign of general good breeding and decency to be at least respectful to older people, such as our librarians and instructors?

All these points have come up again and again within your college life. We have tried all the schemes which ingenius minds could invent. So far, disturbances in the corridors have not reached the minimum demanded by courtesy, simply because, I suppose, no *rules* have been made to enforce quiet in the corridors. Silence in assembly having been *requested* by every student association president since "kingdom come," has eventually been acquired (to a more or less perfect degree) by establishing laws and a tribunal. This is not right; but no other method was successful, and consideration for others must not be ignored! The situation in classes at the beginning of periods has been so extreme as to evoke from one faculty member the remark that our college cheer might be called "The Rhode Island Sh-h-h"! Do you enjoy that reputation?

I believe all these problems to be results of misuse of our new freedom. Perhaps we haven't before realized it. Perhaps, you protest, I judge from the minority only. I believe I do not. Is it only a few classes who force the instructor to await their pleasure concerning coming to order? Is it a minority who have caused the disturbances in assembly? Moreover, these are points which should be observed not only for the sake of common courtesy, but from a professional standpoint. You will expect these things from the children you teach. Why not establish your code of behaviour now on firm, reliable foundations? Do not think for a moment that I advocate those days of prim, prudish propriety. Heaven forbid! I merely suggest that, as we must expect to exemplify these characteristics not only to children but to their parents as well, let us at least attempt to raise our code of professional ethics to a higher plane.

The staff of "The Anchor" greatly appreciates the support given by the student body during the past year. We wish you all a most happy beneficial vacation, and hope you will return with renewed vigor and a hearty desire to support your quarterly next year. As for the Seniors, we wish them the best of good fortune in the years to come, and advise them thus: "Don't forget there's an alumni section in 'The Anchor'."

JUNIOR WEEK COMMITTEE

THE POETS DEPICT

SENIOR FAREWELL

Too soon a cherished friend will fade
But not so quickly as was made!
Supreme friendship can never die;
It only sleeps to fructify.
Forget our Alma Mater dear?
Not while a heart and thoughts cohere!
Within your walls were many joys;
Add sorrows to your sweet alloys,
Alma Mater.

Although you'll shroud us in a hue,
To make an excellent life début;
The mourning is a reverent sign
That our affection is more thine.
Farewell, most loyal friend of youth—
Alma Mater.

Louise G. Pelrine, '33.

GREETING

The Juniors are happy this week. In many respects it is the most festive week of their college careers.

As you are aware, Junior Week was something new last year. We recall the general acclaim with which it was received. We have been busy for weeks and weeks in order to make Junior Week, 1932, a success.

Junior Week is something for the entire college, both faculty members and students to enjoy—faculty members may renew memories from their own college days; seniors will revive recent memories of last year's happy week; sophomores will get into the spirit of the thing for Junior Week, 1933; and freshmen will experience a phase of college life which they have not known as yet.

Our hope is that you will enjoy the week with us and that it will take its place in the long line of delightful events as a remembrance that will be happy, years and years hence, when college days will have passed into the haze of yesterdays.

Marguerite Brennan,
President of the Class of 1933.

THE GOSSIPS BUZZ

Mr. C. O. Ethier visited the State House with his Rhode Island History Class, April 5. Mr. W. C. Baker, guide to visitors at the State House, conducted them through the various legislative rooms. They were unable to visit the dome because of the floodlights. April 29, the class visited the Gilbert Stuart Memorial in South County.

Play Day is to be held May 25 at 1:00 P. M. The program is to consist of ball games, such as cage ball, individual achievements, stunts, and relay track events, such as target practice and relay races. All classes will participate.

Professor T. H. Robinson gave a broadcast, April 28, at 9:30 A. M., on the subject of Modern Poetry. The program was broadcast through the courtesy of station WJAR, under the auspices of the Providence Public Schools.

Professor Robert M. Brown went to Pittsburgh on April 9, returning on April 16. While there, he assisted with the completion of the Year Book on Geography for the National Society for the Study of Education. The book goes to press this summer and will be distributed late in the fall. It will furnish the subject for discussion at the February meeting of the National Society.

Dr. Mary L. Stevenson, Head of the History Department, journeyed to Boston, Saturday, April twenty-fifth, accompanied by her two classes in History of Civilization and members of her Saturday morning extension classes. The group visited the Museum of Fine Arts, where they examined exhibits of Greek, Egyptian, and Medieval Art. Later in the day the classes were conductd to Fenway Court, a replica of a Renaissance palace.

The trip, under such a leader as Dr. Stevenson, was bound to be pleasant and of undoubted interest to those fortunate enough to accompany her.

SHADOWS

The close of four happy years approaches, tinged with a bit of sadness, despite the predominating element of happiness which commencement always brings. May your commencement disclose to you, Seniors, the true meaning of your Alma Mater, and may she ever lead you on to greater glory.

Commencement Events

Friday, June 24—Class Day on the campus, including the Sophomore daisy chain, the presentation of the mysterious anchor to the most deserving class, and tea served by the Juniors to the Seniors and their friends.

Saturday, June 25—Alumni reception and tea.

Sunday, June 26—Baccalaureate address in the afternoon followed by an informal reception.

Monday, June 27—Ivy oration at sunset, last sing on the Senior steps, presentation of the Senior steps and flower beds to the Juniors, and later, the Senior banquet at the Hotel Narragansett.

Tuesday, June 28—At ten-thirty in the morning Commencement Exercises followed by a luncheon at one o'clock; the Commencement Ball at nine in the evening at the Hotel Narragansett.

On May twelfth Mr. Ethier's class in Rhode Island History will travel to Newport to visit such historical places as the Barnum House, the old State House, and the Redwood Library.

Professor Adelaide Patterson, head of the public-speaking department, will broadcast some poems at nine-thirty on the morning of May 12, from Station WJAR. This program is being given under the auspices of the Public School System of Providence.

THE FIELDERS REPORT

St. Benedict's Church, Conimicut, was the scene of a very attractive wedding on January 29, when Miss Vivian M. Maynard, a graduate of Rhode Island College of Education in the Class of June, 1930, became the bride of Mr. Andrew J. McCarville of Providence. The attendants at the wedding were Miss Genevieve Maynard of Boston, a cousin of the bride, and Mr. Thomas McCormick of Providence, a classmate of the groom at Rhode Island State College in the Class of 1929. The young couple have taken up their residence in New York.

Anna C. Sullivan, '31.

On January 1, Miss Eva Porter-Shirley, a member of the class of 1930, was united in marriage to Mr. Arthur Roland Brown of Gardner, Massachusetts. Mr. Brown is a graduate of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. The nuptial services were performed in the Bell Street Chapel, Providence, of which the bride's father, Rev. Charles W. Porter-Shirley, is pastor. The young couple are now residing at Springfield, Massachusetts.

On April twentieth the Class of February, 1931, held a thoroughly enjoyable reunion banquet at the East Side Pheasant Shoppe. Professor Mary L. Stevenson was guest of the evening, and in her most delightful manner recalled class associations. Mary Alice Gore was re-elected class president, with Alice McCormick as vice-president. Phoebe Arnold won the position of secretary and Anne C. Sullivan that of treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Sullivan of 116 Levin Street, Newport, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Margaret, to Mr. John Paul Davis. Miss Sullivan is a graduate in the class of 1930 and is at present teaching in the Thornton School, Johnston. The wedding will take place shortly after the close of the school year.

Mrs. L. G. Barrett, formerly Miss Ella Short of Melrose, Massachusetts, was one of the oldest graduates present at the alumni banquet of Rhode Island College of Education held recently in Providence. Mrs. Barrett was graduated in the class of 1879, and the following six years taught at her Alma Mater. She has been in school work for twenty-five years.

THE REVIEWER RECOMMENDS

We have been requested to compile for you a series of novels that will make good summer reading. We have scanned a great many recommended lists and you may be sure that countless excellent books were mentioned; but we decided to give you what appeared to us to be the novels that we have never forgotten. You'll find that some are old, while others are new; you may question the inclusion of some books dealing with tragedy. But summer reading does not necessarily mean light reading, and each of us has his tastes. There is represented what might be termed a happy balance of comedy and tragedy. We hope you will enjoy every one you read.

ETHAN FROME—Edith Wharton. Here is Mrs. Wharton's finest novel, which deals with tragedy on a New England farm.

THE BELOVED VAGABOND—William J. Locke. You will have to go a long way to find a more appropriate book for the season than this famous story of a carefree and happy group of wanderers.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—W. Somerset Maugham. You should all read this sturdy and vital tale of a young man, who might be any young man. This is considered by many to be an autobiography.

PENGUIN ISLAND—Anatole France. If you have not yet become acquainted with one of the greatest of the French masters, then you are missing a classic treat. You'll find Mr. France extremely modern.

MADAME BOVARY—Gustave Flaubert. Here is the story of a weak woman, beautifully written and dexterously handled by another French classicist. Recently a very early novel by Mr. Flaubert was translated into English. It is entitled *November.*

THE GENIUS—Theodore Dreiser. Perhaps you do not choose to accept Mr. Dreiser, but nevertheless you must admit that he is one of the most outstanding of our present-day writers. This book is rather clumsily written as many of his are, but it is Mr. Dreiser at his best, or worst, whichever you choose.

A LOST LADY—Willa Cather. This is considered by many to be the finest novelette of the modern era, and we recommend it for reading on a bright summer afternoon.

THE FORSYTE SAGA—John Galsworthy. We gladly present Mr. Gals-

worthy, for any of his books you would most certainly like. There is also a long short story of his, entitled *The Apple Tree,* that you might use in order to become acquainted with him.

WALDEN—Henry Thoreau. This is every nature lover's Bible, or at least it should be. It is simple prose—readable and beautiful. Nothing of the kind has ever been written to equal it. You don't know what love of the out-of-doors is until you have roamed the woods with the great naturalist.

FATAL INTERVIEW—Edna St. Vincent Millay. The pieces in this volume are the latest poetical works of our famed poet and are considered among the finest sonnets in American literature. They have been compared to those of Shakespeare and Petrarch. A perfect collection.

HUMOR VERSUS SUCCESS

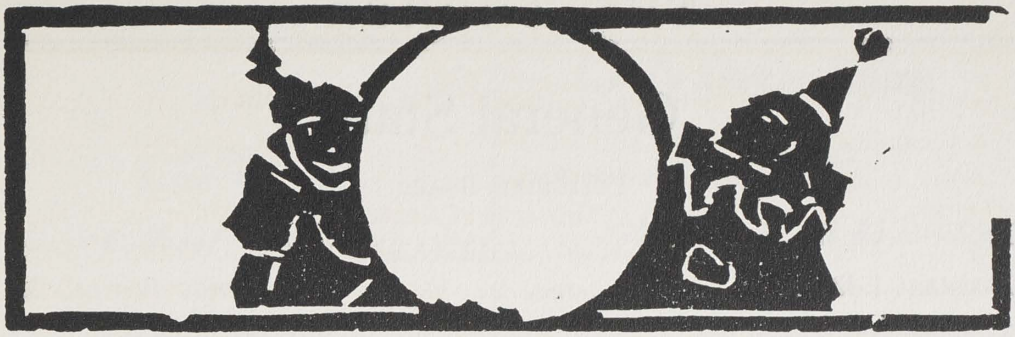
A word to you ardent Seniors who are about to sign legal statements pledging yourselves to devotion to duty and country in your teaching vocation. Do not forget at any time during your long careers the unwritten law of the classroom that binds you above all others,—"Thou shalt not have in thy possession during working hours a sense of humor." If you sincerely wish to be successful in keeping within the bounds of the pedagogical law and obeying this commandment, we recommend the following procedure to be strictly adhered to during the remainder of your senior year. Thus you will be in practice to begin your teaching with some measure of success in this line of obedience.

1. Whenever some trivial accident happens among your associates (breaking a string of beads, dropping seventeen pennies, etc.), do not let yourself appreciate the amusing aspect of it, but assume an irritated air of inconvenience.

2. If any situation is so productive of mirth that you have difficulty in retaining your frigid poker face, take every emergency-precaution to accomplish same: stifle a smile by vigorously pinching your arm, hiding under your desk, or deliberately turning your back to the class, if necessary, and sneezing profusely.

3. If—and may Heaven spare you from such an unethical stand—you should at some time forget yourself and actually smile when an earnest youngster explains that bacteria are the rear entrances to a cafeteria, you can resume your former respected position in the class's esteem by asserting your stern immobility once more by doubling the arithmetic assignment for that day.

By observing the prohibitions in the above commandments, you will be eminently law-abiding, and respected by the students to such an extent that your Christmas and Valentine's Day mail will never be cluttered with stupid remembrances from former adoring pupils. *Margaret Joseph,* '34.



LINE 'EM UP

Member of our orchestra to its long-suffering director: What is an oboe?

Director: It's an ill wood-wind that nobody blows well.

Principal: "Just look at that unkempt hair. Why, when I was your age, I wouldn't have dreamt of coming to school without brushing my hair."

Boy: "Yes, sir. Is that why you haven't any hair?"

One out-of-town student to another: We have rustic furniture at the "Y."

Wise *Freshman*: That's nothing. We have loads of log tables at St. Maria's.

After what was the Barnard School named?

After it was built!

Dr. Carroll to sleepy student: Can you put your finger on the fallacy?

Sleepy Student: What fallacy?

Dr. Carroll: The fallacy in the proposition.

Student: Oh-h-h-h-h, I see.

Dr. Carroll: What do you see?

Student: The fallacy.

Dr. Carroll: Where is the fallacy?

Student: In the proposition.

Math. Professor: It is as far from A to B as it is from B to A—therefore, the converse of a proposition is always true.

Apt Pupil: But, sir, it isn't as far from the spring vacation to the summer vacation as it is from the summer vacation to the spring vacation.

Flustered Freshman entering the Dean's office: Is the Bean dizzy?

Student, translating at sight: Theer er er er man er er er er then er er-

Professor: Don't laugh, class. To err is human.

At 11:15 or 12:05 or threabouts: Let's eat.

Where'll we go?

Let's eat up the street.

No, thanks, I don't care for asphalt.

Upon his retirement from the presidency, Calvin Coolidge accepted a membership in the National Press Club at Washington. As usual, he was required to fill out a card giving information about his work. The three salient facts which he provided were quite characteristic of the man:

Name—Calvin Coolidge.

Occupation—Retired.

Remarks—Glad of it.

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